

SEPTEMBER 9, 1934

GUEST, DR. ROBERT CUSHMAN MURPHY

(FINAL SCRIPT)

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AMERICAN-BOSCH RADIO EXPLORERS CLUB

NUMBER 4

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5:30 - 5:45 P.M.

SEPTEMBER 9 1934

SUNDAY

(SIGNATURE "SAILOR'S HORNPIPE" ACCORDION)

OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT

Presenting - the weekly meeting of the Radio Explorer's  
Club!

(ACCORDION CONTINUES TO END OF THEME---THEN OUT)

ANNOUNCER

Come sail the seven seas with us!

(WIND AND SURF EFFECTS - FOUR COUNTS)

Explore the wild jungles of Africa!

(JUNGLE EFFECTS - FOUR COUNTS)

Visit the cannibal countries!

(TOM TOMS - FOUR COUNTS)

Circle the globe with the American-Bosch Round-the-World  
Radio!

(STRONG GUST OF WIND - REGISTER - FADE)

CAPTAIN BARKER

Ahoy there lads and lassies - father and mother too - this  
is Captain James P Barker in person calling to order another meeting  
of the American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club....You know, its a real  
personal pleasure to me to have so many of you joining our club...  
The membership buttons are going out in a steady stream these days.

If you haven't enrolled yet, listen for the announcement at the end of the program telling you how simple it is to become a member.

How would you young explorers like to go adventuring today to the islands of the Penguin? Well, we have with us as the club's guest today DR. ROBERT CUSHMAN MURPHY, who knows the barren stretches of the Antarctic circle as well as you know your own back yard. In a few minutes he's going to conduct a personal tour to that frigid world. You know, fellows, I've been knocking around this old globe for nearly a century, and I too have been down among the ice fields, in the lonely reaches of the great Southern Ocean.

And I had a harrowing experience off Cape Horn, Africa - an experience I've never forgotten. It was back in 1903, when I was master of the big full-rigged ship British Isles.

We were homeward bound from Frisco to Liverpool and running before a fierce westerly gale. There were ~~two~~ men at the wheel, and the mate and I were standing under the lee of the weather-cloth, our oilskins dripping with cold salt spray. "Plenty wind, Captain," he shouted through the howling wind. "I'm sorry for the Outward Bounders!"

"It's a fair wind for us, Mister," I yelled back at him, "If the 'Old Girl' keeps this up we'll double the Horn by tomorrow noon."

But the wind grew wilder by the minute while the stinging sleet bit into our faces like a whiplash. Night was descending fast. "Watch your steering - m'son," I growled at the weather helmman.

"She ain't behavin' well, sir," he answered through chattering teeth. He stood there gripping the spokes in his mitten-covered hands. The icicles on his beard glinted in the dull glow of the binnacle light. I said nothing more, for I knew that no ship would steer well in such a huge, following sea.

At seven p.m. I went below to catch forty winks. For perhaps an hour I lay there like a dead man. Then, suddenly, I was awakened by a terrified cry.

"ICE dead ahead, sir!" I rushed out onto the poop just in time to hear the mate shouting: "All hands on deck! Lee fore brace!"

The sky was clear now and the ship was bathed in weird moonlight. A huge white mass loomed up into the night, glittering in the rays of the bright moon. Not a mile separated us from that island of ice.

Never in all my years afloat have I gone through such a terrifying experience. To the weather helmsman I shouted a terse order: "Put your helm hard down - quick!" The mate ran toward me and clutched my arm. "By gad, sir", he gasped, "we're finished!"

Yes sir - unless the British Isles answered her helm we wouldn't have a chance. "Watch that helm, sailorman," I yelled, "keep her hard down!"

I stared fascinated at the wild scene, sure that we would strike the main body of the iceberg.....Those few minutes seemed endless.

Then the Old Ship rose high on the crest of a gigantic sea. Slowly, ever so slowly, her jibboom began to sweep a small arc of clear horizon.

At that instant the horrible doubt was dispelled from my mind. "We're not done for yet, mister," I shouted to the mate. "Look ahead! We're going to clear it by the length of our yardarm plugs!"

Then, with my knees a-tremble, I snapped on order to the man-at-the-wheel: "Ease your helm!"

And back came his acknowledgement in tones of tremendous relief: "Ease your helm, sir!"



The British Isles had not failed us. Like a thoroughbred she sailed through. We swept past those icy cliffs by little more than a cable's length. Safe - but, by gad it was a terrifying experience, I may tell you.

Well, that's the finish of my yarn for tonight, and I guess you're all eager to hear from our guest explorers, Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy one of the world's foremost authorities on ocean birds. Dr. Murphy will introduce you to the penguins of Antarctic, in a microphone interview with our fellow club member, Mr. Hans Christian Adamson, of the American Museum of Natural History. Ahoy there, Mr. Adamson!

ADAMSON      Aye, aye, Captain Barker.....Now fellow explorers, let's put on our seven league boots and travel with Dr. Murphy through South Georgia. Not the Georgia that's next to Alabama but that lonely island in the antartic sea. Dr. Murphy is going to guide us, and there'll be a reception by the Penguins. How about it, Doctor, will they be ready to receive us?

MURPHY      I'm sure they will, Hans.....I'll never forget my first visit to Possession Bay. Why, there was a whole army of penguins, hundreds - thousands, and they stood like soldiers in crowded ranks. The minute they saw me they marched in my direction. Oh - they were an impressive procession - black-coated figures with snowy vests. Dignified and stately, like a reception committee of several thousand vice presidents.]

ADAMSON      Did they lead you to their City Hall and introduce you to their mayor?

MURPHY No - they just passed in review and looked at me as if they thought: - "What a queer bird you are," and kept marching on.

ADAMSON I've heard that penguins are more curious than a cat, but I didn't know they were so friendly and fearless.

MURPHY Well, these were Johnny Penguins and they are very sociable. But take the Emperor Penguin; he stands nearly four feet and weighs up to 90 pounds. He's as stubborn as a mule and as strong as a gorilla. Once in the Weddell Sea five tough seamen surrounded a lone emperor on an ice-floe. They ganged him, only to be knocked about like nine pins. The Emperors' flippers lashed out blows that stung like Dempsey's fists. Bang - down went one sailor - sock -- another dropped. Thud -- and a third fell.

ADAMSON Sounds like a round-by-round account of a heavy-weight championship fight.

MURPHY It was something like that, plus many of the rough tactics of football and wrestling. Finally the sailors charged the Penguin like a football team making a frontal attack and down went the Emperor.

ADAMSON And the score was one to nothing in favor of the Navy.

MURPHY Yes - but only for a minute. The sailors strapped down the penguin's wings with two of their leather belts, and chuckled over their victory - but they didn't chuckle long, for the Emperor gave a mighty heave that burst the belts. Then he dived into the Sea.

ADAMSON What a blow to the sailors - did they dive in after him?

MURPHY No - that would have been useless, for a penguin swims so fast that not even Johnny Weismuller could catch up with it. I put a stop-watch on some Johnnies once, and they were swimming 30 feet per second.

ADAMSON Why that's almost record time for a runner, let alone a swimmer!....Tell me, Doctor, is there any such thing as a King Penguin, or is that just another name for the Emperor?

MURPHY King Penguin?.....You bet your boots there are King Penguins. They're a yard tall, with a most lofty and snobbish attitude toward all the rest of creation. You have to show them your name in the Social Register before they'll warm up to you.

ADAMSON And, they build their nests on Park Avenue, I suppose.

MURPHY They don't build any nests as a matter of fact and have no home other than the ice and rocks and snow they stand on.

ADAMSON Then how in the world do they hatch their eggs? and raise their young.

MURPHY Ahah - I thought you'd bring that up. Why, these amazing birds hold their eggs on top of their feet, and protect them with a feathery fold on their bellies. That covers them and keeps them warm though the temperature may be 70 below zero. The youngsters sit in the same shelter until they are big enough to shift for themselves.

ADAMSON - I presume the Kings and Emperors have a gay time while the Queens and Empresses hatch the eggs?

MURPHY Not by a long shot. They relieve each other at nurse-maiding. In fact, all the adults have such an insane mothering complex that they fight like berserkers for the privilege of sheltering not alone their own eggs and chicks - - - but any egg or chick. The scramble is so rough that a lot of young penguins die - actually killed by kindness.

ADAMSON What a strange idea of nursing!.....Tell me - is there any courtship among the Penguins?

MURPHY Yes, indeed, and their love-making follows a very rigid pattern. Take Johnny Penguin. What do you think he does when he proposes to the damsel of his heart?

ADAMSON I don't know -- perhaps - he hands her a diamond ring.

MURPHY You came pretty close at that, Hans. The suitor picks up a pebble and lays it at his sweetheart's feet. If she takes it up, they are engaged.

ADAMSON But suppose she leaves it untouched?

MURPHY Why, then the old boy picks it up and walks off, with thoughts probably, to the effect that there are plenty of penguins left in the sea. You know, one of the funniest things that ever happened to me was when a male Johnny penguin laid at my own feet the shiny top of a condensed milk can, which I accepted as a very touching proffer of undying friendship.

ADAMSON These penguins seem to be very friendly fellows.



MURPHY

Oh, I wouldn't say that. There are all sorts of penguins with all sorts of dispositions. One kind may be timid, another friendly, a third aggressive and hostile. I met quite a few of the latter. Once I went up to the rookery of some Rockhoppers and they resented my intrusion. Instead of greeting me with true South Georgian hospitality they rushed toward me and began to peck at me with their beaks and beat me up around the legs with their wings. They set out to beat me in great style and drive me out of their home. Most of them retreated when I began to brush them away with my hands.. but one old fellow stuck out to the bitter end. He didn't like me - and oh! how he loved to scrap! I pushed him over a low ridge but he came right back with murder in his eyes. I finally realized that I would either have to kill him or retreat and as I didn't want to do the old fellow any harm, I left him in proud possession of the field.

ADAMSON

Some scrap! Tell me Doctor, what other enemies do the penguins have?

MURPHY

Well, the Big Bad Wolf of their lives is the Sea-Leopard.

ADAMSON

That's a new one. What's ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> Sea-Leopard?

MURPHY

A seal -- not the kind you see in circuses, but great ferocious fellows that swallow penguins as if they were chocolate drops. I shot a Sea-Leopard once, cut it open and found four king penguins inside. They weighed about 36 pounds a piece.

ADAMSON

It sounds as though the seal depended entirely on penguins' for food.

MURPHY      Practically so - but ---- he has to work hard for a living. Penguins are constantly on guard. They show their grave concern by the way that they peer into the sea before they dive in. They stand and jostle each other like boys around a swimming-hole, each one hoping that somebody else will test the safety of the dive. When one finally makes the plunge, the others all pour after him like shot out of a bottle.

ADAMSON      What happens to the penguins that aren't eaten by Sea-Leopards?

MURPHY      Well, there's another strange thing. Do you know, the bodies of full grown penguins are seldom found. Which reminds me of one of the weirdest experiences of my life.

ADAMSON      What was that Doctor?

MURPHY      I'd climbed one of the coast hills of South Georgia and suddenly came upon a little fresh-water pond. Around its edge and close to the waters, stood several very sickly looking penguins, silent and dropping. They seemed exhausted by the toilsome climb from the beach to the pond. I don't know why - but the air seemed oppressed with tragedy. You know how you sometimes sense the presence of invisible drama.

ADAMSON      Yes. What did you discover?

MURPHY      It struck me as odd that none of the penguins that went into this icy pond ever seemed to come out again, so I walked to the rim of the pool, and looked into its dark translucent depths...what do you think I saw?

ADAMSON      I haven't the remotest idea. Something strange, I expect.

MURPHY

Very strange, Hans....On the bottom of this cold, blue pool, with their flippers outstretched, lay hundreds, possibly thousands of dead penguins that had climbed the hill to reach this peaceful spot. I held my breath as I gazed into this veritable Valhalla of Penguins, where countless unknown gallants, who had run the gauntlet of the Sea-Leopards, blinding blizzards and crushing ice, had come to sleep with their ancestors.

ADAMSON

So that's the way the penguins find their happy hunting grounds - well after hearing so much about penguins, Doctor I can understand why so many people have become penguin collectors.

Thank you Dr. Murphy.....I must turn the microphone back to Captain Barker now. He has an important message for our listeners.....Captain, who's the guest explorer on our ship of adventure next week?

BARKER

One of the most famous explorers of the century....Dr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson...He's going to take us to the other end of the globe.....up to the North Pole....and I'll have a sea yarn to fit, you can bet.

Now, for the benefit of the newcomers to our meeting this afternoon, let me tell you some of the privileges of membership in the American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club. First of all you receive the smart little button that's the official badge of membership. Second, you receive the handsome membership certificate to hang in your room, and by gad every time I look at it I get a thrill, for there's a reproduction of the British Isles, the very ship that I was telling you about today.

(CONTINUED)

Next you'll receive the Radio Explorers Club Map showing important radio stations all over the world. And finally membership entitles you to enter our series of prize contests, the first of which I'm going to announce just two weeks from tonight. Now, what do you think about joining? All right, then, here's Ben Grauer to tell you how...so clear sailing to you until next Sunday.

ANNOUNCER To become an enrolled member of the American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club just send your name and address with the name and age of the radio set to which you are listening, to American-Bosch, American B O S C H, Springfield, Massachusetts. I'll repeat that: To join the American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club just send your name and address with the name and age of the radio set to which you are listening, to American-Bosch, Springfield, Massachusetts. You'll never be content until you too are a full fledged member so why not write in right away. Nor will you ever be content with a stay at home radio. The new 1935 American-Bosch Round-the-World Radios transport you eastward to the capitals of Europe....far South to Australia, and across to Africa, westward again to South America, and back home to the good old U.S.A. in time for your favorite local programs. Then too there are the small American-Bosch Personal Radios, designed chiefly for long-wave reception. They are especially suitable as extra sets in the home, for the children's room...or to carry off to college. Look.....and listen....to these new American-Bosch Radios, at your dealers.

(SIGNATURE FADES IN)



Be sure to tune in on next Sunday's meeting of the American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club with Captain James P Barker personally in command.

These programs are presented under special arrangement with the American Museum of Natural History. Next week -- Dr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson -- and an adventure at the North Pole! He'll be interviewed by Hans Christian Adamson of the American Museum.  
(SIGNATURE TO CLOSE)

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